

## The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

The most magnificent thing Jay Gould ever did was to become the father of Helen.

It occurred to you that that \$400,000 is just about half a dollar apiece for each of us?

If popular songs are a remedy for insanity, the theory that "like cure like" may be considered established.

It is not true that Mr. Kipling is now writing another poem about Adam-Zed, the bear that rust like a deer.

Brazil is so pleased with the sample battles put up by Peru that it is sending out troops to fight a few more of them.

No word has been heard from the perfect wife in Pennsylvania as to whether or not she has that kind of a husband.

The New Jersey judge who has decided that boys are worth twice as much as girls ought to see some of the girls we know.

Boards that the Russians at Mukden are living entirely on beans, and believe that war is not so bad as it has been painted.

"Smoke" says the Scientific American, "means simply wasted fuel," but the man enjoying the luxury of a good cigar knows better.

It would be like the beef trust to explain that the worry and expense of being investigated will necessitate another increase of prices.

London has a hospital where women are trained as nurses for doctors. This is throwing physic to the dogs literally as well as figuratively.

The supreme court has decided that a man has the right to keep his mother-in-law out of his house. But how many men will dare to exercise their right?

If some enterprising man could get the monopoly of furnishing chewing gum to baseball players, it seems as if he would be right on the road to wealth.

It looks as though the discovery and publication of Herbert Spencer's notions were going to become quite as flourishing as the printing of letters of Carlyle.

The noble marquis who recently became a father at the age of 81 is dead. He was probably unable to stand the strain put upon him by his heir at night.

A farmer in Oregon township, Lucas county, returned for taxation every cent's worth of property he had. He got enormous headlines in the Toledo papers.

Miss Lottie Dodd is now woman golf champion of England. From Rhona Adair to Lottie Dodd is quite a slump, euphonically; but here's luck to Lottie, anyway!

Clara Morris is talking a good deal now about the joys of old age as she finds them in her experience—a good deal more, we fancy, than she will when she is really old.

Wedded sixty-seven years, an aged husband and wife of Bennington, Vt., died on the same day and were buried together. Not even Robert G. Ingersoll could see a mistake there.

A crank journeyed to Miss Helen M. Gould's home to marry her. He was arrested, not for his commendable intentions, but for not realizing the obstacles that were to be overcome.

King Peter of Serbia is preparing to have himself crowned June 15. He will do well to have a high fence built around the place where the crowning is done, with a trusty man at the gate.

The government experts say that the number of radioactive minerals is much larger than is generally supposed. There's the silver dollar, for instance. It displays great activity in getting away.

That Pennsylvania man who hunted two years before finding a woman who came up to his ideas might have had work to show that he came up to the ideals of all the ladies whom he failed to approve.

Susan B. Anthony recently testified in a will case that married women know nothing about handling money. Miss Anthony evidently doesn't believe all these stories about women and the trousers pocket.

A London doctor has figured it out that tall houses, such as apartment houses, have a reduced life expectancy. The size of the heads of children and made them less intelligent. This does not strike one as a ground for optimism.

Probably the young woman of Brad-dock, Pa., who dislocated her elbow trying to button her shirtwaists, suffers more from the notoriety than from the accident itself. The accounts agree that she was going to wear a shirtwaist to a reception.

A New Hampshire man who had been courting one woman for thirty-two years, died with two more after popping the question. It would be interesting to know what would have happened to that man if he hadn't been so slow on the trigger.

A Chicago lawyer has advanced in behalf of his client the plea that a wife is compelled under Biblical laws to obey her husband, even if the husband commanded her to aid him in secreting stolen property. But the court hasn't decided that way yet.

Henry James, on the contrary—and to the contrary, perhaps—is of the opinion that there are too many births. "According to his idea, the fewer the births the greater the happiness of the people. Mr. James, you remember, does not write for the multitude. His is a select audience.

It is possible to draw a wrong conclusion from the case of the Iowa man who ate a quart of salted peanuts on a wager the other day and died shortly after. The salt may have been

## JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Decline," Etc.

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### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Tell me what we'll do," said Sam. "How many yards does it take for a dress? Fifteen? All right. Well give you sixty cents a yard—cash. What do you say, Mr. Farnsworth? Is it a bargain?"

"All right," groaned the merchant. "It leaves me nothing, but I'll do it. As a favor, please, you want some black lace for trimmings?"

"Sure," replied Sam.

"Something about twenty-five cents a yard," suggested Mrs. Rounds. She felt like one who, having fallen from grace, decides to go to perfection with flying colors. No one in Rebooth ever had possessed a black silk gown with lace trimmings.

"Here is something at thirty cents a yard which I can honestly recommend," said Mr. Farnsworth. After inspecting cheaper qualities, on which Mrs. Rounds insisted, higher prices. Mrs. Rounds consented to the purchase of eight yards, though Mr. Farnsworth advised ten.

Sam's crowning triumph was the purchase of a black lace gown, fitted at one hundred and fifty dollars. After ten minutes of dickerings with Mr. Farnsworth, Sam succeeded in acquiring that treasure for \$112.50. Likewise he bought a twenty-five dollar bonnet for three and a half dollars. Handkerchiefs, stockings, petticoats and shoes fell into Sam's hands at ridiculous prices, until his mother, with tears in her eyes, declared that she would not consent to the purchase of another article.

Mr. Farnsworth presented an itemized bill for \$147.27, which Sam paid from a generous roll of greenbacks. On the plea of arranging for expressing the goods to Hinchman, Sam met Mr. Farnsworth in his office, and gave him a check for the balance of \$145.50.

"I swan, I haven't had so much fun in ten years," said Sam, as he shook hands with Mr. Farnsworth and thanked him.

"I reckon Ma Rounds will be the best dressed old lady between Boston and Newport. Good-day, Mr. Farnsworth, an' good luck to you."

CHAPTER XI.

Sam's New York Triumphant.

Ignoring his mother's protest, Sam employed a dressmaker and for two weeks Mrs. Rounds found pleasure in assisting the seamstress with her work. Sam had acquainted the latter with his secret and she agreed to profess it. But his precautions were in vain.

Like other crimes less difficult to condone, this one was destined to be revealed. The preacher's wife called on Mrs. Rounds, and since they had become very friendly, was shown the new gown and the black lace shawl. Whatever of envy arose in that good woman's breast was lost in surprise when Mrs. Rounds innocently mentioned the price she had paid for the shawl.

"Sixty-five cents a yard for that silk!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear Mrs. Rounds, you surely must be jesting. I had a dress like that when I was married, and it cost me a dollar a yard. And that lace at thirty cents! It surely cost five dollars a yard, and perhaps more. That beautiful shawl must have cost more than a hundred dollars. I understand now," she continued in some surprise. "You said intended to surprise you. It was very good of him and very clumsy in me to reveal his secret."

When the visitor had departed Mrs. Rounds looked with awe at the garments spread out before her. A familiar sound sounded in the hallway, and Sam entered, his homely face rosy with a smile.

"I'm back again," he said, fondly embracing his mother. "Glad to see you, eh? Go 'n' put it on, an' your bonnet an' shawl. I want ter see how you looks, dressed up as er real lady."

"You told me an awful story, Samuel," she faltered, "but I don't think you meant to do wrong, and—I'll pray for you. You are good and true, Samuel. If you said break one of the commandments."

"That didn't break no commandment," said Sam with a contrite grin. "It only kinder heat it or little. Don't ye worry ebout ter cost of dem clothes. I've made enough money since I've been away ter pay for 'em. Some dresses like ter air one. It's none too good fer ye, an' I want ye to wear it just as if ye wa'n't afraid of 'em."

Sam's rapidly increasing business kept him away from home much of the time. Mrs. Rounds was busy for a month with her wardrobe. She then knitted socks for Sam, until he had a supply sufficient to last a lifetime. In this crisis of a dearth of work, the wife of a neighbor was taken ill with typhoid fever. There were five small children in the family, and they were too poor to employ a nurse. Mrs. Rounds stepped in and took care of the case. Hour after hour and day after day she fought the attacks of the insidious disease. She cooked the meals, soothed the crying children, spoke words of comfort to the distracted husband, performed the household work, and slept at such rare intervals as she could find between her multitudinous duties. The patient, however, convalesced when Sam returned home. He at once employed a nurse to take his mother's place.

She listened patiently and with a puzzled smile to Sam's rebuking lecture.

"When folks are sick, some one must take care of them, Samuel," she said, when he had ended. "They are poor, and I had nothing else to do. The Bible says you must visit the sick when they're afflicted. You won't let me do any work here in the house, and I must do something."

Mrs. Rounds was the first to learn of sickness or of trouble in any family in Rebooth, and for that reason, or with tender fingers closed the eyes of the dead and stilled their throats. When children had croup or measles, the neighbors sent, not for the doctor, but for Mrs. Rounds. She found relaxation in seeing for any one who would accept her services.

Sam made several successful ventures in the New York market, and decided to locate there. He bought a cozy house on the East Side, cooking a small stock, and installed his mother as mistress of the establishment. His business prospered. Having firmly established his position as a shipper and dealer in horses, he turned his attention to the commission business. Taking advantage of a shortage in the cranberry crop, he bought a large part of the available supply and cleared thousands of dollars in consequence of his sagacity. He then entered in the produce and commission business on a large scale and scored another success.

At the age of thirty-five, having amassed a competency, Sam Rounds determined to improve what he termed his "book education." Four winter terms in the Rebooth public school gave him all of which he could boast in the way of erudition. He therefore began a course of study in a night school, which he attended four evenings in a week, and joined a debating society, and became a member of various social and political organizations in his district.

The corruption of the local politicians precipitated a revolt against the party in power, and the voters of Sam's district held a meeting for the purpose of nominating an alternative to stand against an incumbent who had betrayed his trust. Sam's name was proposed with cheers. He was nominated by acclamation and escorted to the platform.

"If honesty is good policy in business," he said, "it is in politics. It should be a good thing in politics. Those who know me know that I'm not a politician, and those that don't know me will know soon that I'm not. The only candidate I can make is that I am an honest man. I intend to be if I am elected. I would no sooner think of cheating my neighbors as an alderman, than I would of cheating them in selling potatoes or cabbage."

Samuel Rounds was triumphantly elected alderman for the next season is over a whole orchard is often a fluttering mass of political tributes to the beauties of flora.

"I have known a hard working Japanese to save a whole year in order to take his family on a trip to his native land to hear and study the music of a distant water-lily."

CHAPTER XII.

Lost in the Snow.

"Looks like more snow."

At the entrance of his master's voice, a shepherd dog raised his head inquiringly, and followed the gaze of the speaker as he studied the leaden sky and the crests of snow-capped ridges and mountains. This habit of voicing thought developed in those who spend long periods in solitude, and James Blake—once a farmer boy in Hingham, and now a California gold miner and prospector—was no exception to the rule.

"Let's get breakfast, Dog," he said as he entered the cabin. "I told you it was going to snow."

Blake's cabin stood well back from the edge of a cliff half way up the slope of a valley in the Sierra Nevada of Central California.

Scattered along the walls were mining tools, powder kegs, guns, fishing rods, and a miscellaneous assortment of lumber and firewood. A small but strongly constructed shelf was used as a storeroom. Hunched against the carcass of a brown bear, and long strings of mountain trout were here securely guarded against the depredations of wandering animals. Bags of potatoes, dried and salted, some potatoes, sides of bacon, and the remnants of a ham completed the more substantial portion of Blake's larder. He often surveyed his snug storeroom with much satisfaction. Nothing but a conflagration or a serious illness could disturb his labors during the long winter season.

Breakfast ended, James Blake lit his pipe and started for the mouth of the tunnel. Though less than half a mile long, the tunnel was a laborious task. The path had passed since he entered the cabin the snow already had drifted across the path and blocked the door. Those whose knowledge of snowstorms is confined to the facilities where a foot or two of snow in forty-eight hours is called a "blizzard," and esteemed a meteorological event, have no conception of a snow storm in the Sierras. Near the timber line in the Sierras, snow has been recorded a fall of fourteen feet of snow in as many consecutive hours—an inch every five minutes—a swirl, whirling, choking maelstrom of flakes, borne on the wings of a freezing gale.

It was such a storm that Blake faced when he opened the cabin door and plunged through the drifts into the tunnel.

"This is an old snifter, isn't it, Dog?" he exclaimed as he stood in the mouth of the shaft and shook the snow from his blouse.

Blake lit a lantern and wormed his way into the dismal hole. A few minutes later he was hard at work, pausing now and then to examine the rock with eager eyes. He had been toiling for three hours or more when the dog's snuffling attracted his notice. As he turned, the animal raised his head, looked sharply, and growled in a peculiar manner.

"What's the matter, Dog?" said Blake, patting his friend. "What a cursed shame the creature can't talk! What's up, old boy? Seen a bear? Don't bother with him—let him alone. Go away, I'm busy," and Blake returned to his task.

Leaning back against the wall of the tunnel, with his paws hanging in a most doleful fashion, the dog sounded a long-drawn wail, so pitiful in its intensity that Blake dropped his pick and rushed at the animal in amazement mixed with terror. The animal sprang forward and fastened his teeth in the leg of Blake's trousers, pulling gently but firmly, crowing and whining.

"This is a new feat," muttered Blake, grating his teeth. "Somehow, Blake has happened. Perhaps the bear's afraid."

He moved quickly towards the mouth of the tunnel. The dog gave a joyful bark, and led the way. Blake reached the open air and floundered through the deep snow. The bear was visible through the blinding snow. The dog went past it, and howled. Blake saw that his master paused. Rushing into the hole, Blake secured a long pole, one end of which he tied to the leg of a bear near the door. Paying out the coil he dashed swiftly forward.

(To be continued.)

### BOUGHT AMUSEMENT BY SAMPLE

Backwoodsmen Got Report of One Who Saw Show Between Acts.

An old actor, telling some incidents of "the road," remarked:

"While we were in Cincinnati a party of young men from away back here, somewhere, between the mountains, possessed of the idea of going to our show. They decided to make up a 'pony purse' and send in one of their number, who should shortly come out and report whether or not the show was worth their time and money. This committee of one happened to get in between acts, and while the orchestra was playing an entr'acte selection, the committee did not tarry long, but went out and reported to the full house that he could not see anything in that 'certain' lot of fellows a'round here 'ceptin' a big picture an' some folks a'round a'roundin'."

"At another place I heard a man say to another: 'I've liked the show pretty well, but the color band has stopped two or three times to loiter at a feller down the road, askin' him to light an' look at his snuffbox an' then tellin' him to fetch him a newspaper, or he was goin' to town!'"

"It was a nasty, chilly night when we played at Hingham. The color band was on a back street, surrounded by a flood that reached me of southwest Chicago in a spring thaw. There were but few persons in the auditorium, and I heard one comedian ask the heavy man what he thought of the show. The only answer was, 'How they were doing there, or how they happened to come in.'"

### JAPANESE ARE TRUE POETS.

Chicago Club Woman Recalls Some of Their Characteristics.

An observant Chicago club woman who recently returned from Japan tells the following interesting characteristics of the "little people of the East."

"He is always a student and always a poet. The slight of an almond eye in full bloom will cause him to pour forth his admiration in poetry, which he writes on streamers of rice paper and hangs up on the wall before the altar of his shrine. Such a tree may in a few days become the shrine of hundreds of devotees, each inspired by the sight to a high pitch of poetic fervor, which vents itself in the form of a poem. The Japanese poet of the olden season is over a whole orchard is often a fluttering mass of political tributes to the beauties of flora."

"I have known a hard working Japanese to save a whole year in order to take his family on a trip to his native land to hear and study the music of a distant water-lily."

Love and Royalty.

The proposal of royal personages are generally far more common than those of ordinary people, though there is often more love behind them than one would suspect from an arrangement which is really a matter of state. The proposal of the emperor is a case in point. When he was still a prince, he met and fell in love with Princess Alix of Hesse, who was staying at York Cottage. His proposal was made in correct form. "My father-in-law," said he, "desires me to offer you my hand and heart. My grandmother, the queen, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand," said the princess, but she added, "and your heart I take of my own accord."

It was a love match, and in spite of the trials and troubles that have befallen them, it is a thoroughly happy marriage.

Old English Sport.

What used to be known as "low bidding" was formerly a common sport in England and an effective method of capturing all sorts of birds which roost on the ground, from hawks to partridges. They still sometimes amuse themselves with it in the rural districts of England and the peasants of Spain and the south of Europe make a business of it. The only necessary apparatus is a large bell, like a cowbell or a dinner gong, and a lantern with a collector to hold a bright ray of light on the ground. The fowler turns out on dark nights and walks the fields ringing the bell steadily and searching the ground in front with the lantern. The noise and the light, or the two combined, have such an effect in dazzling or terrifying the birds that they may be picked up in the hand.

Equal to the Situation.

Leonard D. Babin, of ex-Attorney General Griggs' law firm told the other day of an Irishman who was taken by his priest in an intoxicated condition to a cemetery and propped up against a gravestone. The priest had a lot of the Irishman's friends come to the cemetery dressed in winding sheets to scare him. The friends, however, while one of them went behind the gravestone and poured enough cold water on the Irishman's face to wake him up. The Irishman looked around him. He saw the tombstones and the figures in winding sheets. "Shay, you fellows," he said, "ye've been here longer than Ol' hane. What kin Ol' hane drink?"

## GENERAL STAFF ESTABLISHES SYSTEM OF MILITARY EDUCATION

Washington: An order has been issued by the general staff of the army prescribing a general system of military education at all the schools in the service, including post schools, for the instruction of all officers, and garrison schools for the instruction of officers at post, special service schools, the military academy, the general service and staff college at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and the army war college at Washington. The new order changes the name of the post school for officers to the "garrison school."

The curriculum for the engineer school is for the first time set forth in detail. The signal school is established at Fort Leavenworth. The general service and staff college at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and the army war college at Washington. The new order changes the name of the post school for officers to the "garrison school."



CLAIM MILITARY STOP MINERS' AID

Declare Rope Was Placed Around Unionists' Neck.

Denver, Colo.: Messages have been received at the headquarters of the Western Federation of Miners in this city telling of interference by the military with relief work among the families of deported miners in Cripple Creek, Mrs. Sophie King telephoned that she had been called before the military and ordered her to leave the city and only through the military information also was received that the military had attempted to swear John Harper, the union storekeeper at Victor, by putting a rope around his neck. It is said that this was done in the presence of Gen. Bell. As a result of the order that he shall be given only through the military the same money direct to those in need. In addition to the suit which will be filed against the governor and state of Colorado for the imprisonment of President Meyer, a suit is also in contemplation against Capt. Moore, who commanded the military detachment which has been compelled to before Gen. Bell arrived at Victor.

Delivers Rope to Sheriff.

Florida, Colo.: Sheriff Rutan Sattler, delivered Charles H. Meyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, to two deputy sheriffs from Cripple Creek, who held a warrant charging Meyer with having been implicated in the Victor mine explosion of November 1, 1933, by which two men were killed. District Attorney Mullin has dismissed all charges against Meyer in this county.

Transport Sado Maru Beached.

London: A dispatch to Lloyd's from Moji says that the transport Sado Maru, which was shelled by the Russians, has been beached a mile north of the Kosodo straits.

Overseership Japanese Bonds.

London: A dispatch to the Central News from Tokio announces that the total subscription to the bonds of ex-convicts is \$100,000,000, amounting to \$100,000,000.

Panama Ratifies Treaty.

Washington: Charge Dore at Panama, Saturday called the state department that the national convention of Panama has ratified the pending treaty of extradition with America.

Kill Alleged Missouri Robber.

Union Mo.: A man by the name of Dave Reynolds was shot and killed while attempting to rob a store at Newton at an early hour Tuesday morning. His confederates escaped.

Failure of Russian Tactics.

St. Petersburg: The military authorities in the district of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kiev, where the staffs are preparing for departure for Manchuria, where they are due to arrive in August, are gravely considering the failure of the tactics hitherto employed.

Kamimura Missed Russians.

Tokio: Vice Admiral Kamimura returned to his base Sunday without having discovered the Russian Vladivostok fleet.

Prisoner's Bite May Cause Death.

Madras, N.Y.: City Marshal James Munnell is very sick at Metropolitan prison here from being poisoned. Ten days ago he arrested a prisoner who bit him on the left thumb. The arm has swollen to twice the original size, and his physician says there is little hope for his recovery.

Japanese Transport Sinks.

London: While the transport Katsumi was entering the harbor of Moji Thursday night she fouled the cruiser Yamato and sank.

Funeral of Abner McKinley.

Canton, Ohio: Funeral services over the remains of Abner McKinley were held here Monday at the residence of Mrs. Ida S. McKinley, the home of the late President. The interment was in the McKinley plot at Western cemetery.

Officer Kills Al Dye.

Grayville, Ill.: Al Dye, a former resident of Crossville, was shot and killed by the Marshal at New Haven, Sunday. Dye interfered with the Marshal while he was arresting his son.

Two Killed at Neosho, Mo.

Neosho, Mo.: Last week Neosho was visited by the most severe rain in its history. Missouri and Kansas were the space of one hour. The rain was mixed with hail and at times the ground was completely covered as if by snow. Lightning struck in five places in the city, destroying one house and killing a man. George L. Clements, manager, and Fred Miller, a foreman at the Gitting strawberry field, were struck and killed by lightning while taking refuge under a tree during the storm.

Riverside Institute Arjouns.

Centralia, Mo.: The Riverside Scriptural Institute has been in session here for three days and has had an interesting session. The next meeting will be at Fulton, January 10, 1935.

Two Post Offices Robbed.

St. Louis: Two post office robberies were reported to Post Office Inspector G. A. Dice, one being at Herculaneum, Mo., where the safe was blown open, and the other at Minnurn, Ark., which was robbed of \$85.

Ten Years For Manslaughter.

Sedalia, Mo.: Frank James, alias P. J. Jones, who shot and killed a woman here from his hideout near Windsor last February, was convicted of manslaughter in the Pettis County Criminal Court last week and was sentenced to ten years in the Penitentiary.

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## Missouri Doings

### UNABLE TO FIND SOCIETY'S FUND

Missouri Horticulturalists Appoint a Committee to Trace It.

St. Louis: The closing session of the Missouri Horticultural Society was a stormy one. The approval of the treasurer's report started the row, and it was a warm one, that adjournment did not end. A legislative investigation will probably be asked as a result of the disclosures. As the society is a ward of the State, conducted at its expense and its present source of income is the appropriation by the State Legislature and membership fees.

The society has been holding sessions in the Horticultural building, World's Fair grounds, each forenoon during last week. During the row some pointed questions were asked, and it was alleged that the books of the society had been kept in a loose manner. At times five or six members would stand on their feet at once, clamoring for recognition.

It was disclosed that there was a fund of over \$1000 belonging to the society which was not in the treasurer's hands and for which neither he nor anyone else had made a report to the society, although the constitution and by-laws of the society require that the treasurer alone handle all funds, no matter from what source obtained. Inquiries failed to develop from what source this fund was obtained, nor was the present custodian and disbursing officer located.

Resolutions were adopted expressing the confidence of the society in the integrity of L. A. Goodman, secretary, and W. G. Gano, treasurer.

A motion prevailed that the president appoint a committee of three to fully investigate concerning the fund in question, ascertain the source from which it was obtained, what additions had been made to it, what disbursements made and by whom, trace it to its source, and report to the present date. This committee having the power to take possession of the fund in question, at once turning it over to the treasurer as the proper custodian.

Another motion prevailed that the system of bookkeeping be changed at once, and the records kept in a business-like manner.

Saturday's session was the last one of the meeting. Among the papers on the program was one by the president, Doctor J. C. Whitten, of the University of Missouri, who recommended more extensive planting of shrubbery native to Missouri.

Otto Widman told of the destruction of insect-eating birds and the effect of their destruction upon the fruit culture. In the course of his remarks he said it was estimated that the agricultural and horticultural crops of Missouri were worth \$160,000,000 annually, and that insects destroyed about one-tenth of this sum each year. The protection of insect-eating birds would save a great proportion of this sum to Missouri farmers.

Mr. Widman was followed by W. J. Blakey, president Missouri Audubon Society, who told the needs of the legislation for the protection of birds. The following received special premiums for prize strawberries, the total amount of the prizes being \$150: W. F. Hoover, Ames, Mo.; A. T. Nelson, Lebanon, Mo.; W. Jenkins, Booneville; F. S. Katherman, Warrensburg; Charles Stehman, Dalton; Henry Schnell, Glasgow; J. E. Hall, Warrensburg; Henry Croelins, Moberly; and A. J. Russell, Springfield. The largest single prize, amounting to \$12, was given to J. F. Hall of Warrensburg, for the best collection of ten varieties of strawberries.

Marvin College Closes.

Fredericktown, Mo.: At the closing exercises of the Marvin College here the following had the degree of P. H. B. conferred on them by Dr. T. E. Sharp of St. Louis: Imogene Franklin, Jessie Davis and Edgar W. Snider. Diplomas were also given in the course of the program to Franklin, Anna Donnell, Ethel Green, business and shorthand course to Lela Robbins, Ella Robbins, Jessie Davis, Almus Dameron, Archie Campbell, John Williams and Charles Green.

Lightning Strikes H. Todd.

Now Franklin, Mo.: During an electrical storm Hyatt Todd, Jos. Drake and Ed. Jones were struck by lightning. The two former were seriously injured. The latter received only a slight shock. Todd is a son of T. H. Todd, the largest grower in Howard County. He was at work in the orchard when the storm came up. It is thought he will not recover.

Lightning Kills Missourian.

Warrensburg, Mo.: Mrs. Frances Hollenbach and three small children, who reside two and a half miles south of Knob Noster, were struck by lightning.

Terminal Company Wins.

Jefferson City, Mo.: The Supreme Court denied an application for a writ of mandamus asked for by the Pacific Mutual Telephone Company against the Terminal Railway Association to run wires in the St. Louis Union Station.

Henry B. Dorr.

Kansas City, Mo.: Henry B. Dorr of Rutland, Vt., who had been employed as an editor by the Springfield Republican and Boston Herald, died here aged 45 years.

Strike Breakers Killers.

New Franklin, Mo.: Martin Mendosa and Abundio Flores, foreigners, recently imported to take the place of striking employees of the Katy, were run over by an engine and killed in the yards Thursday night.

New Bank in New Haven, Mo.

New Haven, Mo.: A new bank was organized here to be called the Farmers' savings bank, with a capital stock of \$20,000, one-half paid up. The bank will open for business about the 1st of October.

Appoints Coal Oil Inspectors.

Jefferson City, Mo.: Governor Dockery has announced the appointment of W. F. Potts to be Coal Oil Inspector of Fayette for a term of two years from June 23. Robert L. Hope was also appointed Coal Oil Inspector of Centralia for a term of two years from June 14.

Lightning Struck House.

Lebanon, Mo.: During a rainstorm lightning struck the dwelling of Wm. Cook and tore the side out of the house.